

Busk ye, busk ye.

Andantino.
dolce.
 PIANO.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some mar row,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And think nae mair o' the braes of Yar-row.

Where got ye that bon - nie, bon-nie bride? Where got ye that win - some mar row? I

got her where I dare - na well be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar-row.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
 Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang, lang maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
 Pu' in the birks on the braes o' Yarrow:
 For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow;
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'ed birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love!
 In flowery bands thou didst him fetter:
 Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
 Than me he did not love thee better.
 Busk ye, then, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks o' the Tweed,
 And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.

The bush aboon Traquair.

Andante.

PIANO.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho

thus I lan - guish and com - plain, A - las! she ne'er be - lieves me. My

vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed nev - er move.....her, The

bon - nie bush a - boon.... Tra-quair, 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad.
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tried to soothe my am'rous flame
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay.
 't fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair.
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

There's cauld kail in A - ber-deen, An' cus-tocks in Stra' - bo - gie, Whaur

il - ka lad maun hae his lass, But I maun hae my co - gie. For I maun hae my

co - gie, sirs, I can - na want my co - gie; I wad - na gie my three-girr'd cog For

a' the wives in Bo - gie.

f

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
 But were she mine, upon my life
 I'd dook her in a bogie.
 For I maun hae, etc.

Other version.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And bannocks in Stra'bogies;
 But naething drives awa' the spleen
 Sae weel's a social cogie.
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
 Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;
 Whane'er I'm fasht wi' wardly cares
 I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass
 With spirits brisk and vogie,
 Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
 My cronies, and my cogie.
 Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang,
 Siclike as Kath'rine Ogie;
 A gude auld sang comes never wrang?
 When o'er a social cogie.

I'm owre young to marry yet.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

p

S

I'm owre young, I'm

owre young, I'm owre young to mar-ry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To

tak' me frae my mam-mie yet. I am my mam-mie's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am

S

wea-ry yet; And I wad hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm

For I hae had my ain way,
Nane dare to contradict me yet;
Sao soon to say I wad obey,
In truth, I darena venture yet.
For I'm, etc.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
For I'm, etc.

The lass of Patie's mill.

Andantino.
dolce.
PIANO.

The lass o' Pa-tie's mill,..... Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay, In
spite of a' my skill,.... She stole my heart a - way. When ted - din' o' the
hay,..... Bare - head - ed on the green, Love 'midst her locks did
play, An' wan - ton'd in her een.

Without the aid of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured long life and health
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie.

Affetuoso.

PIANO. *mf*

The moon is blink-ing o'er the lea, I

ken her horn, my bon-nie las-sie, But 'tis not half sae dear to me As thy sweet

smile, my bon-nie las-sie. Smile a-gain, oh! smile a-gain, once a-gain, my bon-nie

las-sie, There's nought in life sae dear to me as thy sweet smile, my bon-nie las-sie.

A star is peepin o'er the lea,
 I ken it's light, my ain dear lassie;
 But ah! it looks so lorn though bright,
 'Tis just like me without thee, lassie.
 Come again, oh, come again, once again, my bonnie lassie;
 I'll sing a song of brighter days when by thy side, my bonnie lassie.

The Soldier's return.

Tempo di marcia moderato.

PIANO. *f*

When wild war's dead - ly

blast was blawn, And gen-tle peace re - turn - ing, Wi' mony a sweet babe fa - therless, And

mo-ny a wi - dow mourn - ing; I left the lines and tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a

lodg - er; My hum-ble knap-sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon - est sodg - er.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling,
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang.
And fain wad be thy lodger,
I've served my king and country lang;
Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him will I never!
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.
She gazed—she reddened like a rose,
Syne pale as ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By Whom true love's regarded,
I am the man! and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

Bonnie wee thing.

Affetuoso.

PIANO.

PIANO. *mf*

Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine,

p

I would wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.

Wist - ful - ly I look and lan - guish In that bon - nie face o' thine;

S

And my heart it stounds wi' an - guish Lest my wee thing be na mine.

* Wit and grace, and love and beauty
In ae constellation shine ;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Bonnie wee thing, *etc.*

O, true love is a bonnie flower.

Andantino.

PIANO. *espressivo.*

O, true love is a bon-nie flow'r That

buds in many a bo - som, But pride's cauld blast will nip its bloom, And

with - er il - ka blos - som. A - las! I've lost my luck - less heart, And

o' this life I'm wea - ry; Wi' a' on earth I'd eith - ly part, But no wi' thee, my dear-ie!

When first I saw thy bonnie face,
Love's pawkie glances won me;
Now could neglect and studied scorn
Have fatally undone me.
Alas! I've lost, etc.

Were our fond vows but empty air,
And made but to be broken?
That ringlet of thy raven hair.
Wast but a faithless token?
Alas! I've lost, etc.

In vain I've tried each artfu wile
That's practised by the lover;
But naught, alas, when once it's lost,
Affection can recover.
Then break, my poor deluded heart,
That never can be cheerie;
But while life's current there shall flow,
See lang I'll lo'e my dearie!

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks

Affetuoso.
PIANO. *mf*

S
 Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie,

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O? Now na-ture cleads the flow'ry lea, And

S
 a' is young and sweet like thee; O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?

* And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, *etc.*

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, *etc.*

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, *etc.*

The ewie wi' the crooked horn.

Allegro moderato

PIANO.

O, were I a-ble to rehearse My ew-ie's praise to pro-per verse, I'd sound it out as loud and fierce As

ev-er pi-per's drone could blaw. My ew-ie wi' the crook-ed horn. A' that kend her could hae sworn

Sic a ew-ie ne'er was born, Here a-bout or far a-wa'.

She neither needed tar nor keil
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crooked hornie did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.

The ewie, etc.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weat could never wrang her;
Ane she lay a week and langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie, etc.

I looked aye at even for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the foumart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

The ewie, etc.

Yet, Monday last, for a' my keeping,
I canna speak o't without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

The ewie, etc.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
And down 'aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But, ah! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie, etc.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as well as said it,
Though the laird himsel' forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thrav.

The ewie, etc.

O! had she dee'd o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they are auld,
It wadna been by mony fauld
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

The ewie, etc.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae affen shorn,
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
Had fair a-rae death ta'en her awa'.

The ewie, etc.

But, silly thing, to lose her life
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife;
I'm really fear'd that our gudewife
Sall never win aboon't awa'.

The ewie, etc.

O, a' ye bards about Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn,
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'.

The ewie, etc.

Come under my plaidie.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays a continuous eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

"Come un-der my plai-die, the

p

The first system of the song. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by a quarter note G4, then continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw: Come

The second system of the song. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

un-der my plai-die and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-

The third system of the song. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

- lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plai-die and sit down be-side me, I'll

The fourth system of the song. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

hap ye frae ev'-ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un-der my plai-die, and

sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa."

ff

"Gae wa wi your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye,
Ye might be my gutcher—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dauces sae lightly, sae gracefu' or tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa,
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now, and kin'ly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
An' fankies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father aye tauld me, my mither an' a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'!
Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strak 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They tak' up wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha you marry,
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa',

O'er the muir amang the heather.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *cresc.*

Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A - mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther,

p

There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gi-ther; O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther,

S

O'er the Muir a-mang the hea-ther, There I met a bonnie las-sie, Keeping a' her ewes the-gi-ther.

S

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

While thus we sat she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

She charm'd my heart, and aye siousyne
I couldna think on ony ither,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

I lo'e na a laddie but ane.

Affetuoso.
dolce.

PIANO.

I lo'e na a lad-die but ane,.. He lo'es na a las-sie but me;.. He's will-in' to make me his

ain,... And his ain I am will-in' to be.... He coft me a roke-lay o' blue,... And a

pair o' mittens o' green; He vow'd that he'd ev-er be true, And I plighted my troth yes-treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree,
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilka fear far awa';
I listen, poor fool, and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say.
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird hath baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwinning wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

O, Menie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and doocr,
True love is the guardian of mine."

He ends wi' a kiss an a smile,
Wae's me, can I take it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strffe,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life,

The bonnie house o' Airlie.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *p*

It fell on a day, a
 bon - ny sim - mer day, When the corn grew green and yel - low, That there fell out a
 great dis - pute Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie, That there fell out a great dis - pute Be -
 - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hundred o' his men,
 A hundred men and mairly,
 And he's awa' on yon green shaw,
 To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd owre the hie castle wa',
 And oh! but she sighed sairly,
 When she saw Argyle and a' his men,
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
 "Come down to me, lady Airlie,
 Or I swear by the brand I haud in my hand,
 I winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyle,
 Until that ye spak mair fairly,
 Tho ye swear by the sword that ye haud in your hand,
 That ye winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie.

Had my ain lord been at his hame,
 But he's awa' wi' Charlie,
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle,
 Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie.

But since we can haud out nae mair,
 My hand I offer fairly;
 O! lead me down to yonder glen,
 That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie.

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand,
 But he's no ta'en her fairly,
 For he led her up to a hie hill tap,
 Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sae hie,
 Soon left the wa's but barely;
 And she laid her down on that hill to dee,
 Whan she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Woo'd and married and a'

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Allegro.
PIANO. *f*

The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An', O, as she dighted her cheeks; Sirs, I'm to be married the night, An' have

nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets. Have nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare-ly a cov-er-let too; The

bride that has a' things to bor-row, Has e'en right mic-kle a-do. Woo'd and mar-ried and a',

Mar-ried and woo'd and a'; And is she nae ve-ry well off That is woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Out spake the auld gudeman,
As he cam' in frae the pleugh;
O dochter, hand your tongue,
And ye's get gear enough:
The stirk that stands in the byre,
And our braw cowte forbye—
Keep up your heart, my lass,
Ye's hae baith horse and kye.
Woo'd and married, etc.

The mither she spake neist—
What needs sae mickle pride?
I hadna a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
And petticoats only twa;
An' ye hae ribbons an' buskins,
What wad ye be at ava?
Woo'd and married, etc.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye—
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I see ne'er tak' ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, etc.

The bridegroom he spake neist,
And he spake up wi' pride—
'Twas no for gowd or gear
I sought you for my bride;
I'll be prouder o' you at hame,
Although our haddin' be sma',
Than gin I had Kate o' the Croft,
Wi' her pearlins and brooches an' a'.
Woo'd and married, etc.

The weary pund o' tow.

Lento.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The tempo is marked *Lento*.

S

The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, The wea - ry pund o tow; I think my wife will

The first line of the song features a vocal melody with a soprano clef and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat major). The tempo is *Lento*.

end her life Be - fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint. As

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the word 'end'. The tempo is *Lento*.

S

guid as e'er did grow, An a' that she has made o' that Is ae pair pund o' tow.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is *Lento*.

* There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle lowe,
 An' aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stourie tow.
 The weary pund. etc.

Quo' I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
 She brak' it o'er my pow.
 The weary pund, etc.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 An' or I wad anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary pund, etc.

Kind Robin lo'es me.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

O, Ro - bin is my

on - ly joe, For Ro - bin has the art to lo'e; So to his suit I mean to bow, Be -

p

- cause I ken he lo'es me. O hap - py, hap - py was the show'r That led me to his

birk - en bow'r, Where first of love I fand the pow'r, And kenn'd that Ro - bin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My sister Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I ere lang be made to see
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, O how keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, "join your hands," Mess John shall say,
 And make him mine that lo'es me.

The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *p*

How blythe was I ilk

morn to see My swain come o'er the hill; He leap'd the burn and flew to me, I

met him wi' good will. O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom, The broom o' the Cow-den-knowes; I

wish I were wi' my dearswain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

dim.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, *etc*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds sat list'n'g by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, *etc*

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though ne'er sae rich and gay.
O, the broom, *etc.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu,
Farewell, a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, *etc.*

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, *etc.*

He did oblige me every hour,
Could I but faithful be?
He staw my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, *etc.*

My doggie and my little kit
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick
May now lie useless by.
O, the broom, *etc.*

Lewie Gordon.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

O send Lew-ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I daur-na name,

p

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon, my Highlandman!

Oh my bon-nie Highlandman! Weel wad I my true love ken A - mang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Princely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a king;
On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Oh, to see this wished-for one
Seated on a kingly throne;
All our griefs would disappear,
We should hail a joyful year.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

O, dinna think, bonnie lassie.

Andantino.

PIANO. *dolce.*

O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

p

I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll

tak' a stick in - to my hand, and come a - gain and see you. Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,

dark's the night an' ee - rie! Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie:

Owre the muir and thro' the glen ghaists mayhap will fear ye; O, stay at hame, it's late at night, an'

din - na gang an' leave me.

It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see thee.
 O, dinna think, *etc.*

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye wirna gang an' leave me.
 O, dinna think, *etc.*

O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.
 O, dinna think, *etc.*

Afton Water

Andante.
sostenuto.
 PIANO.

Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
 There daily I wander as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Where are the joys?

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

 The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked Andante. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Where are the joys I have met in the morn-ing, That danced to the lark's ear-ly

 The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Where are the joys I have met in the morn-ing, That danced to the lark's ear-ly". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

song; Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wand'-ring At

 The vocal line continues with "song; Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wand'-ring At". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

ev'n - ing the wilds woods a - mong ?

dim.

 The vocal line concludes with "ev'n - ing the wilds woods a - mong ?". The piano accompaniment ends with a decrescendo, marked "dim.", and a final sustained chord in the left hand.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no; the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caus'd this sad wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

My boy Tammie.

Maestoso.

PIANO.

Whaur' hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam-mie?

Whaur' hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam-mie? I've been by burn and flow-ry brae,

Mea-dow green an' mountain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam-mie.

Whaur' gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammie?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her puir mammie.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammie?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
An' preed it aft; as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammie.

I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye've got it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammie.
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes!
I canna leave my mammie.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
There! gang and ask my mammie.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammie?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammie.

Polly Stewart.

Vivace.
PIANO. *mf*

O love - ly Pol - ly Stew - art, O... charm - ing Pol - ly Stew - art, There's

ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May That's half so fair as thou art! The flow'r that blows, it

fades and fa's, And art can ne'er re - new it, But worth and truth e - ter - nal youth Will

give to Pol - ly Stew - art.

mf

May he who wins thy matchless charms
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n
 He gains in Polly Stewart!
 O lovely Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art!

Ca' the ewes to the knowes.

Marcato.

PIANO. *f*

S

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the hea-ther grows. Ca' them whaur' the

p

burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie. Hark, the ma - vis ev'n - in' sang

S

Sound - in' Cluden's woods a - mang; Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart:
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Awa', Whigs, awa'.

Allegro.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two staves. The right staff has a melody with dynamics *f* and *p*. The left staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

S

A - wa', Whigs, a - wa', a - wa', Whigs, a - wa', Ye're but a pack o' trai-tor loons, Ye'll

The first vocal entry is marked with a section sign *S*. The melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves below. Dynamics *f* and *p* are indicated.

dae naegude a - va. Our thris-les flour-ished fresh and fair, And bon-nie bloomed our

The second vocal entry is marked with an asterisk ***. The melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves below.

S

ro - ses, But Whigs cam' like a frost in June, And with-er'd a' our po - sies.

The third vocal entry is marked with a section sign *S*. The melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves below. A dynamic *f* is indicated.

* Our sad decay in kirk and state,
 Surpasses my describing;
 The Whigs' cam' owre us like a flight,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
 Awa', Whigs, etc.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Wae's me to see that royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin.
 Awa', Whigs, etc.

Leezie Lindsay.

PIANO. *Affetuoso.*
dolce.

Will ye gang to the Hie - lan's, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye gang to the

Hie - lan's wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie - lan's, Lee - zie Lind - say, My

bride and my dar - ling to be?

To gang to the Hielan's wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'?

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little
If sae be ye dinna ken me,
My name is Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
A chieftan o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
His bride an' his darlin' to be.

O, this is no my ain lassie.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

O, this is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the las-sie be; O weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind love is

p

in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place; It wants to me the

witching grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.

* She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, an' tall,
An' lang has had my heart in thrall.
An' aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no, etc.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een
When kind love is in the e'e.
O, this is no, etc.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no, etc.

The Lea-rig.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

When o'er the hill the east-ern star T'alls b'right-in' time is near, my jo; And

p

ow-sen frae the furrow'd field Re-turn sae dowf and weary, O; Down by the burn, where scented birks Wi'

dew are hang-ing clear, my jo, I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My

ain kind dear-ie, O.

f

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Allegretto' and 'PIANO. f'. The subsequent systems contain vocal lines with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with dynamics ranging from piano (p) to forte (f). The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo:
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheerie, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Muirland Willie.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

O, hearken, and I will tell you how Young Muirland Wil-lie cam' here to woo, Tho' he could nei-ther

p

say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But aye he cries, Whate'er betide, Maggie I'se hae to be my bride, With a

fal da ra, fal lal da ra la, fal lal da ral lal da ral ia.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din,
What answer gie ye me?
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye right down,
I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.

The lover gie'd her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
But siccan a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, etc.

He's owre the hills.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

He's owre the hills that

dim. *p*

I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we daur - na name, He's owre the hills a - yont Dumblane, Wha

soon will get his wel-come hame. My fa-ther's gane to fecht for him, My brith-ers win-na

bide at hame, My mith-er greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no' to blame.

* The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer.
But, ah! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's owre the hills, etc.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did, our lads will do,
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, etc.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair:
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's owre the hills, etc.

Up in the morning early.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f

p

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The
drift is driv-in' sair - ly; The sheep are cow'r-ing in the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win - ter
fair - ly, Then up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing
ear - ly, I'd ra-ther gae sup-per-less to my bed Than rise in the morn-ing ear - ly.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
To sit a' nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills
Like ony timorous carlie;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae lintries lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things, they suffer sairly;
In cauldfrife quarters a' the nicht,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dre
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie house and cantie wife
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning—na, na, na!
Up in the morning early;
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae
When I rise in the morning early.

Oh! open the door.

Andante larghetto.

Oh!

PIANO. *espressivo.*

o - pen the door, some pi - ty to show, Oh! o - pen the door to me, oh! Tho'

thou hast been false, I'll ev - er prove true, Oh! o - pen the door to me, oh! Oh!

could is the blast up - on my pale cheek, But could - er thy love for me, oh! The

frost that free - zes the life at my heart Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, oh!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll neer trouble them, nor thee, oh!
 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
 My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side,
 Never, never to rise again, oh!

O, wae's me for Prince Charlie !

Andante.

PLANO. *mf*

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war-bled sweet and clear-ly; And aye the o'er-come

o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char-lie." Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird, The

tears came drop-pin' rare-ly; I took my bon-net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince

Char-lie.

mf

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a song ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."
"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near burst'd fairly;
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh wae's me for Prince Charlie."

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."
But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"O, this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain—
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Wilt thou be my dearie?

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

Wilt thou be my dear - ie? When sor-row wrings thy gen - tle heart, Wilt thou let me cheer thee?

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, marked piano (p), with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

By the trea-sure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shall

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

ev - er be my dear - ie. On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shall ev - er be my dear - ie.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with its eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or, if thou wiltna be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me.
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly dee,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly dee,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

Kelvin Grove.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Through its ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie

p

las-sie, O; Where the rose in all her pride paints the hol-low din-gle side, Where the

mid-night fai-ries glide, bon-nie las-sie, O.

mf

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O.
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

My only joe and dearie!

Moderato.
mf sostenuto.
 PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Thy cheek is o' the ro-se's hue, My on - ly joe and dea - rie, O; Thy'. The third system continues the melody with 'neck is like the sil - ler dew, Up - on the banks sae brier ie, O; Thy teeth are o' the'. The fourth system continues with 'i - vo - rie; O, sweet's the twin - kle o' thine ee! Nae joy, nae plea - sure blinks on me, My'. The fifth system concludes the vocal part with 'on - ly joe and dear - ie, O.' and includes a piano accompaniment marked *mf*.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 It's sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to make it eerie, O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the cares I ha'e to meet,
 That gar my restless bosom beat,
 My only joe and dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
 Aft we would daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only joe and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nae ither worldly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only joe and dearie, O.

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?

Maeztoso.

PIANO. *mf cresc.* > >

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo leading to two accented notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

§

Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?

fp >

The first vocal and piano section consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?'. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part is marked *fp* and has an accent on the final note.

Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes,

> *

The second vocal and piano section consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes,'. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part has an accent on the first note and a star symbol above the final note.

§

Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd, Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.

The third vocal and piano section consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd, Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.' The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part has an accent on the first note and a star symbol above the final note.

* Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules o' day?
Wha wadn fecht, etc.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause:
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

John Grumlie.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte).

John Grum - lie swore by the light o' the moon And the

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics 'John Grum - lie swore by the light o' the moon And the' are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

green leaves on the tree,..... That he could do more work in a day Than his

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'green leaves on the tree,..... That he could do more work in a day Than his' are written below the vocal line. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

wife could do in three..... His wife rose up in the morn - ing Wi'

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'wife could do in three..... His wife rose up in the morn - ing Wi'' are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment.

cares and tron-bles e - now;..... "John Grum - lie, bide at hame, John, And

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'cares and tron-bles e - now;..... "John Grum - lie, bide at hame, John, And' are written below the vocal line. The piano part ends with a final chord. The lyrics are written in a mix of English and Scottish Gaelic.

I'll go haud the plow." Sing-ing fal de lal lal de ral lal, fal lal lal lal lal

la!..... "John Grum - lie, bide at hame, John, And I'll gae haud the plow."

"First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear,
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

O, he did dress his children fair,
And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoiled the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens a' lay'd away.
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirked, nor butter gat;
And a' gae'd wrang, and naught gae'd right;
He danced with rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
And laugh'd as she'd been mad
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
And John sae glum and sad.
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifeskep,
I'll be nae mair gudewife."
"Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

"The deil be in that," quo surly John,
"I'll do as I've done before."
Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung,
And John made off to the door.
"Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
I ken I'm sair to blame;
But henceforth I maun mind the plow.
And ye maun bide at hame."
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

Barbara Allan.

Larghetto.

It was

in and about the Mart'-mas time, When the green leaves were a - fall-in', That Sir John Graham, in the

west coun-trie, Fell in love wi' Bar - b'ra Al-lan. He sent his man down through the town To the

place where she was dwallin', O, haste and come to my mas-ter dear, Gin ye be Bar-b'ra Al-lan.

PIANO.

O, slowly, slowly rase she up,
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think ye're dyin'.
 It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
 And it's a' for Barbara Allan;
 O, the better for me ye'se never be
 Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'.
 O, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slichtit Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealin';
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
 And every jow the deid-bell gied,
 It cried, Wae to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother mak' my bed,
 And mak' it saft and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

The bonnie brier-bush.

Andante moderato.

PIANO *mf*

There grows a bon - nie brier - bush in our kail - yard, And

p

white are the blos-soms on't in our kail - yard, Like wee bit white cock-ades for our

loy - al Hie-land lads; And the lass - es lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail - yard

But were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

Auld Robin Gray.

Larghetto.

PIANO. *mf*

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at... hame, And

p

a'..... the world to sleep are gane, The waes o' my heart fa' in

showers frae my e'e, When my gude - man lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his
But saving a crown he had naething else beside; [bride,
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been gane a week but only twa, [awa';
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

The lily of the vale is sweet.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The li - ly of the vale is sweet And sweeter still the op'n-ing rose, But sweet-er far my

p

Ma - ry is Than a - ny bloom-ing flow'r that blows. While spring her fragrant blossoms spreads I'll

wan-der aft by Ma - ry's side, And whis-per soft the ten-dertale By Forth's, sweet Forth's me-

and'-ring tide.

mf

There will we walk at early dawn,
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
 At eve aft to the lawn we'll tread,
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.
 The fairest, choicest flow'rs I'll crop
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
 And, while I live, I vow and swear
 She'll be my chief, my only care.

Lord Ronald.

Andante larghetto.

PIANO. *mf*

"O, where ha'e ye been, Lord Ro-nald, my son? O, where ha'e ye

p

been,.. my hand - some young man?" "I ha'e been to the wild wood; mo-ther,

make my bed soon, For I'm wea - ry wi' hunt-ing, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I got eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O, they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!
O, I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O, yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wald lie down."

My love's in Germanie.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in C major, starting with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The left hand plays a bass line with half notes C3, F3, and G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and a dotted quarter note C4. The tempo is marked 'Andante maestoso' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Send him hame, send him hame; My love's in Ger-ma-nie, send him

p

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line with half notes C3, F3, and G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and a dotted quarter note C4. The dynamic is 'p'.

hame: My love's in Ger-ma-nie, Fight-ing brave for roy-al-ty, He may

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line with half notes C3, F3, and G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and a dotted quarter note C4.

ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame, send him hame: He may ne'er his Jean-ie see, Send him

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line with half notes C3, F3, and G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and a dotted quarter note C4.

hame.

mf

The fourth line of the song features a piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a melody in C major, starting with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The left hand plays a bass line with half notes C3, F3, and G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and a dotted quarter note C4. The dynamic is 'mf'.

He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame, send him hame:
He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame.
He's brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee,
But his life is dear to me;
Send him hame.

I fear he'll ne'er come hame,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
I fear he'll ne'er come hame,
Willie's gane!
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea
To his love and ain countrie:
This world's nae mair for me,
Willie's gane!

Welcome, Royal Charlie.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

When

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is piano (p).

France had her as - sist - ance lent, A roy - al prince to Scot - land sent, To -

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "France had her as - sist - ance lent, A roy - al prince to Scot - land sent, To -". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

- wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy - al Char - lie. Our

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "- wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy - al Char - lie. Our". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

gal - lant Scot - tish prince was clad Wi' bon - net blue and tar - tan plaid, An'

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "gal - lant Scot - tish prince was clad Wi' bon - net blue and tar - tan plaid, An'". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

oh, he was a hand - some lad, Few could com - pare wi' Char - lie. An'

oh, but ye've been lang o' com - in', Lang, lang, lang o' com - in',

O, but ye've been lang o' com - in', Wel-come Roy - al Char - lie.

Arouse ilk valiant kilted clan,
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
 And charge the foe, claymore in hand,
 For sake o' Royal Charlie.
 O welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,
 Our gallant Royal Charlie.
 O but ye've been lang, etc.

From a the wilds o' Caledon
 We'll gather every hardy son,
 Till thousands to his standard run,
 And rally round Prince Charlie.
 Come let the flowing quaich go round,
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
 Till every glen and rock resound
 The name o' Royal Charlie.
 O but ye've been lang, etc.

Cam' ye by Athol.

Allegro.

Cam' ye by A - thol,

PIANO. *f* *p*

lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tum-mel, or banks of the Gar-ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their

bon-nets an' white cockades Leaving their mountains to fol-low Prince Charlie? Fol-low thee, follow thee,

wha wad - na fol-low thee? Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust-ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,

wha wad-na fol-low thee? King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie,
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

Bonnie Jean.

141

Andante.

PIANO. *mf* *p*

There was a lass and
she was fair, At kirk or mar-ket to be seen; When a' the fair-est maids were met The
fair-est maid was bon-nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mammie's work, And aye she sang sae
mer-ri-lie; The blyth-est bird up-on the bush Had neer a light-er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lint-white's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flower,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naggies nine or ten.
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's work,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?
The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear!
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farma wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent.
And love was aye between them twa

When the kye come hame.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a se-cret that

cour-tiers din-na ken; What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the

gloom-in' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

dim.

'Tis not beneath the burgonat, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Then the eye shines sae brightly the hale soul to beguile,
There's love in ev'ry whisper and joy in ev'ry smile;
O! wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame?

When the kye come hame, etc.

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still.
But he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e?
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And

blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen. By Och - ter - tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row braes the bir-kenshaw; But

Phe-mie was a bon-nier lass Than braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw. Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she,

Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen.

* Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, etc.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon the lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink of Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, etc.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, etc.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,

p

I maun lea' them a', las-sie; Wha can thole when Britain's faes Wad gi'e Bri-tons law, las-sie?

Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha to fame would live a stranger? Now when freedom bids a-venge her,

Wha wad shun her ca', las-sie? Lon-don's bon-nie woods and braes Hae seen our hap-py bri-dal days; And

gen-tle hopes shall soothe thy waes When I am far a-wa', las-sie.

cresc.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the doleful bugle brings
Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin'.
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
On the gory field of war,
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt may-be fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O, resume thy wonted smile,
O, suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
Till the day we dee, lassie.
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As by the's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

Weel may the keel row.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

Oh, who is like my John-nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon-nie! He's foremost 'mang the mo - ny Keel

lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight - ly, Or, in the dance sae spright - ly, He'll

cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the keel row, The

keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

He has nae mair o' learning
Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he.
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His ain coat on his back is;
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnnie's e'e.
Weel may the keel row, *etc.*

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple's in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
That my lad's in
Weel may the keel row, *etc.*

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

Andantino,
PIANO. *mf*

I gaed a wae - fu' gate yes-treen, A gate, I fear, I'll dear - ly rue; I

p

gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa love-ly een o' bon-nie blue. 'Twas not her gold-en

ring-lets bright, Her lips like ro-ses wat wi' dew, Her heav-ing bo-som li-ly white, It

was her een sae bon-nie blue.

dim.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
 But aye the stound, the deadly wound
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

My wife has ta'en the gee.

Moderato.

PIANO. *f*

A friend o' mine cam' here yes-treen, And he wad hae me down To drink a pot of ale wi' him In

p

the neist bor-ough town. But, oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me: For

lang or e'er that I cam' hame My wife had ta'en the gee.

f

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I'll tell to you,
That e'er the middle o' the night
We baith were roaring fou.
My wife sits by the fireside,
And the tear blinds aye her e'e
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And aye her head she'd shake.
"My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee,
To look sae sair at me;
I'll never do the like again,
If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, puir wee thing, she grat.
"If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life, I se be the wife
That's never tak' the gee."

Wha'll be King but Charlie?

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo-ny fer - lie; For ships o' war hae just come in, And

p

lan-ded Roy-al Charlie! Come through the heather, a-round him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear - ly; A -

- round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Charlie? Come through the heather, around him gather, Come

Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither, And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king; For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through, etc.

The Lowlands a' baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotland's king and law,
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows, baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
Come through, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come through, etc.

My mither's aye glow'rin' owre me.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Allegro moderato.' and 'PIANO. f'. The subsequent systems contain vocal lines with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. Dynamics include 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano).

My mith-er's aye glow'-rin' owre me, Tho'

she did the same be-fore me; I can-na get leave To look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de-

- your me. Right fain wad I tak' your of-fer, Sweet sir, but I'll tine my toch-er; Then,

San-dy, you'll fret, And wyte your poor Kate, When-e'er you keek in your toom cof-fer.

* For though my father has plenty
O' siller and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twine wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty
My mither's, etc

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.
My mither's, etc,

Jenny's bawbee.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

I met four chaps yon birks a-mang; Wi' hanging lugs and fa-ces lang; I spier'd at nee-bour Bauldy Strang,

Wha's they I see? Quo' he, "Ilk creamfac'd paw-ky chiel Thocht he was cunning as the deil, And

here they cam' a-wa' to steal Jen-ny's baw-bee."

f

The first a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd skull and back weel-clad,
March'd roun' the barn and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,
Wi' baws and nag and siller whup,
Cried, "Here's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie't till a tree:
What's goud to me? I've wealth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thocht to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dressed up just like the knave o' clubs,
A fool cam' neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he;
He danced up, squintin' through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass;"
He thocht to win wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kame his wig,
The sodger no' to strut sae big,
The lawyer no' to be a prig;
The fool he cried, "Tee-hee,
I ken'd that I could never fail;"
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him wi' a waterpail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he hadna mony pence;
He took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel
That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

Dainty Davie.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

Now ro-sy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And now come in my happy hours, To

wan-der wi' my Da - vie. The crys-tal wa-ters gent-ly fa', The mer-ry birds are lov-ers a', The

scent-ed breez-es round us blaw, A - wan-d'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the war-lock knowe,

Dain-ty Da-vie, dain-ty Da-vie, There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain-ty Da - vie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my dainty Davie.
 Meet me on the warlock knowe, *etc.*

My Nannie's awa'.

Andante.

Now in her green mantle blythe

Na-ture ar-rays, And lis-tens the lambkins that bleat owre the braes, While birds warble wel-come in

il - ka green shaw; But to me it's de-light-less, my Nan - nie's a - wa', But to

me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a - wa'.

mf

p

mf

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The piano part includes dynamic markings: 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews o' the lawn
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *f*

And oh! for ane-and - twen - ty, Tam! And

p

hey! for ane - and - twen - ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a rat - tlin' sang, Gin

I saw ane - and - twen-ty, Tam! They snool me sair and haud me down, And gar me look like

blun - tie, Tam; But three short years will soon wheel roun', An' then comes ane-and - twen - ty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna speir,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, *etc.*

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, *etc.*

O, speed, Lord Nithsdale.

Andante larghetto.

O, speed, Lord Niths-dale,

PIANO. *sostenuto.* *p*

speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your coun-trie flee; Nae mer-cy mot fa' to your share, Nae

pi-ty is for thine and thee. Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly bow'r, And fast the tear fa's

frae her e'e; And aye she sighs, O, blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me.

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,
While kneeling by the taper bright;
But ae red drap cam' to her cheek
As shone the morning's rosy light.
Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
"Wha sic a comely knight had slain!"

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love;
But he thought on his countrie's wrang,
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
And forced frae a' he lov'd to gang.
"Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,
He may na smile, I trow, bot me;"
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth-note runs. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

8

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with McLean; And

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature remains two sharps and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part uses a piano (p) dynamic. The system is marked with a repeat sign and the number 8.

though you be weary, we'll make your heart chee-ry, And wel-come our Char-lie, and his loy-al train. We'll

 The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same harmonic texture with chords and eighth notes.

bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breck-an, and doe from the glen; The

 The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a forte (f) dynamic. The system is marked with a repeat sign and the number 8.

8

salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Charlie The cream from the bo - thy, and curd from the pen.

 The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a forte (f) dynamic. The system is marked with a repeat sign and the number 8.

* And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.
Come o'er the stream, etc.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten
Come o'er the stream, etc.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; Thou art

p

sweet as the smile when fond lov-ers meet, And saft as their part-ing tear, Jes-sie; Al-

- tho' thou maun ne-ver be mine, Al - tho ev - en hope is de - nied; 'Tis

sweet-er for thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jes-sie!

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!
 I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;—
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessie!

The maid of Glenconnel.

Andantino.
espressivo.
 PIANO.

The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the val-ley, Are sparkling and love-ly, are stainless and mild; The

pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blossoms to bloom on the wild. The

pearl and the rose are the emblems of Mary, The maid of Glenconnel, once lovely and gay; A false lover woo'd her; ye

damsels be wa-ry, Now scath'd is the blossom, now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain.
 Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale;
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain,
 Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.
 With the flowers of the willow-tree blent are her tresses,
 Now woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen,
 Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—
 How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been.

For lack of gold.

Andantino.
PIANO. *mf*

For lack of gold she has left me, O! And of all that's dear she's be - left me, O! For

A - thole s duke she me for - sook, And to end - less woe she has left me, O! A

star and gar - ter have more art Than youth, a true and faith - ful heart; For

emp - ty ti - tles we must part— For glit - ring show she has left me, O!

* No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O!
For lack of gold, etc.

Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O!
For lack of gold, etc.

Auld Joe Nicolson's bonnie Nannie.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f*

The dai-sy is fair, the day-li-ly rare, The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie, But there

p

ne'er was a flow-er in gar-den or bower, Like auld Joe Ni-col-son's bon - nie Nan-nie.

O my Nan nie, my dear lit-tle Nan-nie, My sweet lit-tle nid-dle - ty, nod-dle - ty Nan-nie; There

ne'er was a flow-er in gar-den or bow-er, Like auld Joe Ni-col-son's bon - nie Nan-nie.

Her looks that stray owre the flowery green,
 Frae bonnie blue een sae mild and mellow;
 See naething sae sweet in the fairy scene,
 Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.
 O, my Nannie, etc.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
 An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;
 But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,
 There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.
 O, my Nannie. etc.

Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Allegretto

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? Saw ye him that's

p

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? On his head a bon-net blue,

Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; Tar-tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land lad - die!

f *dim.*

When he drew his gude braid sword,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Then he gave his royal word,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
But wi' his friends would live or dee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British crown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
But blessings on the kilted Clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Aye wakin', O!

Larghetto.

Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' wea-rie;

PIANO. *p* *pp*

Sleep I can - na get For think - in' o' my dea - rie. Spring's a plea - sant time,

cresc.

Flow'rs o' ev - 'ry co-lour, The bir - die builds its nest, An' I think on my lov-er. Aye wak-in', O!

p *pp*

CODA.

Wak-in' aye an' wea-rie; Sleep I can-na get For thinkin' o' my dea-rie. Aye wak-in', O!

ppp

• When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wea-rie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
CODA.—Aye wakin', O!

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
An' blear my een wi' greetin'.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wea-rie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
CODA.—Aye wakin', O!

The Highland Watch.

Spiritoso.

PIANO. *f*

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain In all its wildest splendours! And welcome back the lads again, Your

mf

hon-our's dear de-fen-ders. Be ev-ry harp and vi-ol strung, 'Till all the woodlands qua-ver; Of

many a band your bards have sung, But ne-ver hail'd a bra-ver. Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane, We're

f

all in key to cheer it; And let it be a martial strain, That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory kindles round them.
Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others!
But such a stem of such a tree,
Take to your arms like brothers.
Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all our glen with wonder;
Let the chaunter yell, and the drone note swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock?
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
Thou know'st they will for ever.
Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view,
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue,
Behind the nodding feather.
O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Our caps to the sky we'll send them,
Scotland, thy honour who can stain,
Thy laurels who can rend them!

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

Allegro.
PIANO. *mf*

O, Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al-lan cam' to pree; Three

p

blyth-er hearts that lee-lang night Ye wad-na find in Chris-ten-die. We are na fou, we're

no that fou, But just a drap-pie in our ee; The cock may crawl, the day may daw, But

aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

f

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a nicht we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be.
 We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—
 That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
 We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa,
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, etc.

O, wha is she that lo'es me?

Moderato. *mf*

PIANO.

O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart a - keep - ing? O,
sweet is she that lo'es me As dew's o' sim-mer weeping, In tears the rose-bud steep-ing! O
that's the las - sie o' my heart, My las - sie ev - er dear-er; O, that's the queen o' wo-mankind, And
ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted:
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O, that's the lassie, etc.

What ails this heart o' mine?

Largo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Largo'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass line starts with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, then a half note B2. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, then a half note D5. The bass line continues with a half note C3, then a quarter note D3, then a half note E3. The melody ends with a quarter note F#5, then a half note G5. The bass line ends with a half note F#3, then a quarter note G3, then a half note A3.

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa-t'ry e'e? What

The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, then a half note B2. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, then a half note D5. The bass line continues with a half note C3, then a quarter note D3, then a half note E3. The melody ends with a quarter note F#5, then a half note G5. The bass line ends with a half note F#3, then a quarter note G3, then a half note A3.

gars me aye turn could as death Whan I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a - wa Thou't

The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, then a half note B2. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, then a half note D5. The bass line continues with a half note C3, then a quarter note D3, then a half note E3. The melody ends with a quarter note F#5, then a half note G5. The bass line ends with a half note F#3, then a quarter note G3, then a half note A3.

dear - er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan - cy jee.

The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, then a half note B2. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, then a half note D5. The bass line continues with a half note C3, then a quarter note D3, then a half note E3. The melody ends with a quarter note F#5, then a half note G5. The bass line ends with a half note F#3, then a quarter note G3, then a half note A3.

When I gae out at e'en
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
I us'd to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry
An' live aneath the tree,
An' when a leaf fa's in my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r
That thou wi' roses tied,
An' where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysel' to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
An' ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts in my mind
Time thro' the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul
An' keep friends in the e'e;
An' gin I think I see thee aye
What can part thee and me?

Tullochgorum.

Allegro.

PIANO. *f*

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried, And

p

lay your dis - putes a' a - side; What sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For

what's been done be - fore them. Let Whig and To - ry a' a - gree,

Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To

drop their Whig - mig - mo - rum, Let Whig and To - ry a a - gree To

spend the night with mirth and glee, And cheerfu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tulloch - go - rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerfu' quorum.
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For hauf-a-hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *Allegros*, and a' the rest:
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's gude watch o'er him.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!

Robin Adair.

(IRISH AND SCOTCH FORM OF MELODY.)

Andante.
espressivo.
 PLANO.

What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth

Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there.
 What when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh, it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair,
 But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.
 Yet he I lov'd so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 Oh, I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

GLOSSARY.



A

A'	all.
Abeigh	aloof.
Aboon	above.
Ae	one.
Aff	off.
Aiblins	perhaps.
Aik	oak.
Ain	own.
Airle penny, erles	the earnest money.
Airts	ways, directions.
Ajee	half-open.
Alane	alone.
Amaist	almost.
An	and.
Ance	once.
Ane	one.
Asklent	awry.
Asse	ashes.
Atween	between.
Aught	anything.
Auld	old.
Ava	at all.
Awa	away.
Ayont	beyond

B

Bairn	infant, child.
Baith	both.
Bannocks	cakes.
Bassened, bawsand	a horse having a white spot in the forehead.
Bauk	cross-beam.
Bawbee	half-penny.
Ben (opposite to Butt)	towards the inner apartment of a house.
Bickers	small wooden bowls.
Bien	well stored, comfortable.
Binged	bowed, made obeisance.
Bike	a bee's or wasp's nest.
Birk	birch.
Birkie	a boastful, forward, lively young fellow.
Birr	force, noise.
Bladder-skate	a foolish talker.
Blate	modest, unassuming.
Blaw	blow.
Blin'	blind.
Blythe	happy, joyous.
Bobb'd or bobbit	danced, curtsied.
Bocht	bought.
Bodin'	foreboding.
Bogie	bog.

Bogle	spectre, hobgoblin.
Brae	slope, hill-side.
Braid	broad.
Brak	broke.
Braw	fine, smart, handsome.
Braws	fine dress, ornaments.
Brawny	streaked color, brown & black.
Brekans	ferns.
Brent	high, smooth, unwrinkled.
Broe, bree	soup, the liquor in which anything is boiled.
Buckle to	to join in marriage.
Bughts	sheep-folds.
Buiks	books.
Bumbee	the humblebee.
Burn, burnie	brook, streamlet.
Busk	dress, get ready.
Buss	bush.
Butt (opposite to Ben)	towards the outer apartment of a house.
Byre	cow-house.

C

Ca'	call, drive.
Caller	fresh.
Canna	cannot.
Cannie	quiet, cautious.
Cannilie	carefully.
Cantie	happy, joyous.
Carle, Carlie	old man.
Cauf	calf.
Cauld	cold.
Cauldrife	chilly, cold.
Chanter	the musical pipe of the bag-pipe.
Chiel	a fellow.
Chimley-cheek	fireside.
Claes	clothing.
Clamb	climbed.
Claut	handful.
Claymore	a two-handed sword.
Clead	clothe.
Clout	mend.
Cluds	clouds.
Cogie	a small wooden bowl.
Coft	bought.
Coom	soot, smoke.
Cowte	colt.
Crack	talk.
Cramasie	crimson.
Crap	creeped.
Creel	basket.

Creepie	a low stool.
Crouse	happy, cozy.
Crummie	a cow with one horn.
Cuif, coof	a silly feeble person.
Cuist, coost	cost.
Cuitered	coddled.
Custocks	cabbage stalks.

D

Daddie	father.
Daff	to make sport.
Daft	silly, mad, foolish.
Dang... ..	upset, overthrow.
Daur	dare.
Daut	to dote upon.
Daw ..	dawn.
Dee ..	die.
Deuk	duck.
Dighted	wiped.
Dinna	do not.
Dochter	daughter.
Douce	sedate, sober.
Douff	dull, stupid.
Dowie	spiritless, dull.
Downa	dare not.
Drap, drappie	drop.
Dree	bear.
Drone	the bass pipe of the bag-pipe.
Drumlie	muddy.
Drouth	thirst.
Dule	grief.
Dubs	dirty pools.
Dunted	thumped, beaten, struck.
Dyke	wall.

E

Ear'	early.
Ee	eye.
Een	eyes.
E'en	even, evening.
Eerie	nervous, afraid.
Erles	earnest money.

F

Fa	fall.
Fa	try.
Fain	glad.
Farin	fare, food.
Fashed	troubled.
Fashious	troublesome.
Faulding	folding.
Fause	false.
Fecht	fight.
Ferlie	wonderful.
Fidgin	being restless.
Fit	foot.
Fleeched	implored.
Fleg	a sudden fright.
Flee	fly.
Fogie	old wifeish, dull.
Forgie	forgive.
Forbye	besides.
Fou	tipsy.
Foumart	polecat.
Fourpit	quarter peck.
Frae	from.
Fraise	talk, speech.
Fu'	full

G

Gaed	went.
Gane	gone.
Gang, gae	go.
Gar	make, cause.
Gate	road.
Gaucy	plump, jolly.
Gaun	going.
Gear	goods, wealth.
Gee	pet, temper.
Ghaist	ghost.
Gie, gien	give, gave, given.
Gin	if.
Girr, girred	hoop, hooped.
Glaiket	giddy.
Gleg	sharp, quick of perception.
Gleib, glebe	a piece of land.
Glent	gleam, flash.
Gloamin'	evening twilight.
Glower	look, stare.
Gowan	daisy.
Gowd	gold.
Gowk	cuckoo, a fool.
Grat	cried, wept.
Gree	pre-eminence.
Greet	cry, weep.
Grip, gripped	catch, caught.
Gude, guid	good.
Gudeman	husband.
Gudewife	wife.

H

Ha	hall.
Haddin	a holding of land.
Hae	have.
Haith !	an ejaculation.
Hallan-shaker	a sturdy vagrant.
Hale	whole.
Han', haun'	hand.
Happity	lame, hopping.
Haud	hold.
Hauf	half.
Haughs	low lying ground by a river-side.
Hawse	throat.
Haw	hawthorn.
Heich	high.
Heuch	a hollow, a glen.
Hirsel	flock.
Hizzie, huzzie	hussy.
Hoddin	cloth, natural colour of the wool.
Hool	busk.
Howe	hollow.
Howlet, hoolet	owl.
Hunner	hundred.
Hurklin	crouching, drawing near.
Husswyfskip	household work.

I

Ilk, ilka	each, every.
Ingle	fireside.
Ither	other.

J

Jad, jade	a vixen.
Jee ..	turn aside.
Jell	jelly.
Jo, joe	sweetheart, a beloved one.
Jouks	goes in and out.

K

Kail	cabbage broth.
Kame	comb.
Kebbuck	cheese.
Keil	red chalk.
Ken	know.
Kimmer	a gossiping neighbour.
Kirk	church.
Kirn	churn.
Kirtle	a short, upper gown.
Kist	chest, trunk.
Knowes.....	knolls.
Kurtch	a handkerchief tied over the head.
Kye, kine	cows, cattle.

L

Laird.....	landlord.
Laigh	low.
Lang	long.
Lang syne.....	long ago.
Lave	rest, others.
Laverock	lark.
Leal	true, honest, just, loyal.
Learig	the unploughed field.
Lee lang	live-long.
Lilt	song.
Linn	a deep pool under a water-fall.
Linties	linnets.
Lo'e	love.
Loof, luif	open hand.
Loon	a scoundrel.
Loot	let.
Loup, louping	leap, leaping.
Lowe.....	flame, fire.
Lugs.....	ears.

M

Mair	more.
Mammie	mother.
Marrow.....	a betrothed, or spouse.
Maukin....	a hare.
Maun, maunna.....	must, must not.
Maut.. ..	malt.
Mavis	thrush.
Merk.....	a Scotch coin.
Micht	might.
Mickle ..	much, great.
Minnie	mother.
Mirk	dark.
Misshanter	misfortune.
Mony	many.
Mou'	mouth.
Moudiewarts	moles.
Muckle.....	much, great.
Muir	moor.
Murlin	a shoulder-basket.
Mutch	a cap.

N

Na.....	no.
Nae	no, not.
Naggies	young horses.
Nane.....	none.
Nicht.....	night.
Niest.....	next.

Nocht	nothing.
Noddin' ("we're a' noddin'").....	happy, joyous.
Noo	now.
Norlan	northern.

O

O'	of.
O'ercome	burden, subject.
Ony	any.
Owre, ower	over.
Owsen	oxen.

P

Paid't	paddled, waded.
Papped.....	popped down.
Parritch	oatmeal porridge.
Pawkie.....	sly.
Philabeg	kilt.
Pibroch	a peculiar kind of bag-pipe music.
Plack.....	a copper coin.
Plenishin	furnishing.
Plengh	plough.
Port	gate.
Pow	head.
Pree	try, taste.
Puddins	sausages.
Pu'd, pu'in	pulled, pulling.
Puir	poor.
Puirtith.. ..	poverty.
Pund.....	pound.

Q

Quaich	a drinking cup.
Quean	young woman.
Quey.....	young cow.

R

Racklehanded	careless, rash.
Rigs	ridges.
Rin, rinnin'	run, running.
Rock	part of the spinning wheel on which the flax is rolled.
Rokely	a short cloak.
Routh	plenty.
Rye	The Ryle, a river in Ayrshire.

S

Sae	so.
Saft	soft.
Sair	sore.
Sangster	songster.
Sark	shirt.
Saugh	willows.
Saul	soul.
Saut	salt.
Sax	six.
Scand	scald.
Sey	silk.
Shaws	flat ground under steep braes.
Shawing	shewing.
Sheel, shiel, shieling..	a hut for temporary shelter.
Shoon	shoes.
Sic, siccan	such.

Sic-like	thus.
Siller	silver.
Simmer	summer.
Sin syne	since then.
Skaithless	harmless.
Skeigh	shy, saucy.
Skaith	hurt, damage.
Slaes	sloes.
Sma'	small.
Smooored	smothered.
Snood	a ribbon which binds a girl's hair.
Snool	to snub, to keep in subjection.
Sonsy	handsome, plump.
Souk	drink, suck.
Soup	drop, a small quantity of liquid.
Speer, speir	ask.
Spence	parlour.
Stane	stone.
Steer	stir, disturb.
Stended	sprang.
Stirk	a young ox.
Stown	stolen.
Stoup	a measure or pot.
Stoure	dust in motion.
Stow, stown	stole, stolen.
Stoun	a pang of pain.
Strak	struck.
Straked	struck, joined.
Sumph	a soft stupid fellow.
Sweer	reluctant, unwilling.
Syne sin'	since then.

T

Taen	taken.
Tap	a top, a bundle.
Tappit	crested.
Tapsalteerie	topsy-turvy.
Tedding out	spreading out.
Telt, telled, tauld	told.
Tent	attend, take care.
Tentless	careless.
The ither or tither	the other.
Thirl'd	thrilled.
Thocht	thought.
Thole	bear.
Thowless	listless.
Thraw	twist.
Thretty	thirty.
Thristles	thistles.
Thuds	beats, strikes.
Till	to.
Till't	to it.
Timmer	timber.
Tint	lost.
Tirled	twirled, twisted.
Tittie	little sister.

Tocher	dowry.
Toom	empty.
Toun	town, village.
Trig	neat.

U

Unco	very, extraordinary.
Uncannie	unsafe, dangerous, bewitched

V

Vogie	vain.
-------------	-------

W

Wab	web.
Wad	would.
Wad	wed, marry.
Wae, waefu'	sad, sorrowful.
Waes	woes.
Wakin	waken.
Wald	would.
Walloch	a kind of dance.
Wallop in a tow	be hung in a rope.
Wale	pick, choice.
Waly	sadly.
Wan	won.
Wark	work.
Warl', warld	world.
Warlock	a witch.
Wat, wot	know.
Waukin	watching.
Waur	worse.
Wearin'	wearing.
Wede	weeded.
Wee	little, small.
Weel	well.
Westlin	from the west.
Whaursoer	wheresoever.
Whaur	where.
Whuds	nimble movement.
Wi'	with.
Willy-waught	a good large draught.
Wilt na, wianna	will not.
Winsome	engaging, handsome.
Wist, wist na	knew, knew not.
Wons	dwells.
Wrang	wrong.
Wyle	allure.
Wyte	blame.

Y

Yade	an old mare.
Yestreen	yestereven.
Yett	gate.
Yon	that, yonder.

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